

Together by [cartoonobsessedteenger](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, M/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Dustin Henderson & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Dustin Henderson/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Will Byers & Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Eleven finally escape The Lab, she finds Joyce and Chief Hopper, and they return to the Lab to rescue her soon-to-be friends

1. Chapter 1

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey guys! So, I'm actually redoing this a little, since my writing has gotten so much better in the last few months! I hope you all enjoy it, and yeah!

Eleven was dragged out of her bed that morning by two guards wearing white clothing. Dr. Brenner walked behind them, slowly, with his hands together behind his back, white hair brushed perfectly back, and the clicking from his shoes as he took each step. His eyes, filled with pleasure to see Eleven's pain, focused on Eleven screaming "Papa!" over and over again. His face, blank, but easy to tell he was enjoying what he was seeing.

Eleven screamed for him, her throat starting to burn. Finally, they threw her into a room, filled with scientists, walking around with clipboards, and the thing Eleven dreaded the most.

The Bathtub.

Eleven saw it and dreaded what was to come. But, she wouldn't show her weakness to Brenner, she knew better than that. Brenner walked up to her.

"We're going to go further than we ever have before, Eleven," he said, nodding his head toward the bathtub, "is that okay?"

Eleven swallowed, she knew there was no getting out of this, so she just nodded.

"Good," he said, as he picked up her suit. Eleven was dressed by the scientists, and stepped towards the landing that would lower her into the tub, and the scientists had her step onto it, and closed it as the landing sunk. As the black shield started to slide across the clear park of the tub, those same evil eyes of Brenner were the last thing she saw.

The Void. She entered the void and instantly heard the same sound

she had heard a few days before. The sound of the creature she was told not to run from. She took a few steps forward, fear running through her veins. She took shaky breaths, staring at the back of the slimy monster. When she was 2 feet away from it, she reached her arm out, poking it in the back. It quickly whipped around and its face opened, revealing rows of teeth and saliva dripping out, and screeched. Eleven let out a loud scream, causing her to snap back into reality.

She was instantly lifted back up out of the tank and was greeted by the scientists running out, as a crack in the wall grew quickly. She slipped out the helmet, and looked around. Brenner was nowhere to be found, and everyone was in a panic. She took off running out of the lab and down the halls, trying to find an exit. She found a stairway, running downward. She could see scientists and guards running towards the lab. She just kept running, trying to escape that place. She eventually saw two doors, and it revealed a dark sky.

She pushed past those doors and looked around, trying to find an escape. Drops of water came down on her, soaking her within seconds. There were large fences around, preventing an escape. She started running towards them, still, and tripped over something hard on the way. She looked down and saw a large drain, and Eleven saw that as a chance. Something she's never had before. She got down on all four and started crawling through the drain, her knees and hands getting scraped and starting to bleed.

After 10 minutes, each minute causing her to grow more desperate, she finally found the end of it, tripping out onto the dirt. She stood up and wiped as much blood as possible onto her clothes. She started running forwards, not once turning back. A light's glow was visible through the trees, and a dog's bark could be heard. Eleven couldn't help herself, and ran towards it.

When she ran through the last trees, a small house was visible. Two beams of light turned towards her, introducing the bald, shaking girl to the driver. The car screeched to a stop, making the girl stop in fear. The car door opened and a large, dark figure stepped out, closing the door behind itself. "Hey! Stay there!" a man's voice yelled as he stepped forward. Eleven turned to run, but two large hands grabbed onto her arms. "Hey, hey! It's okay," the man said, "I won't

hurt you!"

Eleven's shaky breathing was loud, nearly loud enough to block out the dog's barking. "Come on, let's get you inside," the man said, leading her up the stairs and towards a door. Eleven was hesitant to follow, but he didn't seem dangerous to her. "Joyce! We have company," his voice echoed through the house. A dog came running towards them, barking at the two.

Footsteps could then be heard, and a door opened. The footsteps got louder as a body appeared in the darkness of a hallway. The figure, Joyce, flipped on a switch, revealing a beautiful woman to Eleven.

"Oh! Hi, who's this?" Joyce's voice was soft but concerned. She looked towards the man for answers. Eleven knew how to talk, but didn't know many words. Only the words she was taught at a young age, and the words Papa and the scientists would say; and even those words were difficult for her understand.

"She was in the driveway. Maybe she ran away from home," the man says, talking to Joyce as if Eleven wasn't there.

Joyce walks over to Eleven and squats. She says in a soft voice, "Hi, honey. I'm Joyce, and this is Chief Hopper. What's your name?" Eleven shakes her head, not wanting to give up information. Joyce looks up at Hopper, "She's covered in cuts. I'm going to get her cleaned up."

"Okay," Hopper says, walking over and sitting on the couch. The dog trailed after him.

"Come on, honey, why don't we give you a shower?" Joyce asks, and Eleven nodded. She looks down at herself, noticing the trail of dried blood running down her legs and hands, and the dirt covering her body. Joyce holds out a hand, and Eleven takes it, using her right hand. She's led into a bathroom. Eleven took in the details, white tiling and a light blue on the top of the wall. The room was nicer than anything in the lab. Joyce walked over to the bathtub and turned on the shower, shutting the curtain. She walks over to the small closet and pulled out a towel, placing it on the closed toilet lid.

"I'm going to make you some food while you shower. Just call me in if you need anything, okay?" Joyce tells Eleven, who just nods. "I'll also grab you some clean clothes. This is how you change the temperature of the water, though," Joyce turns the knob in the shower to the right, "this is colder," she turns the knob to the left, "this is hotter," she finally leaves it in between, so it's not too hot or cold.

Joyce leaves the room, cracking the door only a little, after making sure that Eleven knows how to do everything, knows where everything is, and she has some clothing. Eleven undressed herself, her palms stinging as the fabric slides against them. When she's completely undressed, she pushes the shower curtain open and steps in to the warm water. The water was already warmer than the water in the Lab, but she still turned it to make it a little warmer, making sure not to burn herself.

She watched as some of the dirt and blood washed off her and entered the drain. She took the Shampoo and, even though she barely had any hair, she wiped all the dirt off her head. She then used the soap and a small rag to scrub her face and body. Cleaning her cuts burned but it wasn't the worst pain Eleven's ever felt. Before she could be pulled into flashbacks of the lab, she focused on cleaning herself. Once she felt that there was no more dirt and blood left on her, she stepped out and grabbed the towel, wiping herself down.

The fresh blood was easily noticed, and she wrapped the towel around herself, and walked down the hall. "Hey, honey, why don't you have the clothes on?" Joyce asks when she sees Eleven walk in. Eleven pointed to her bleeding knees and her bloody hands. Joyce nodded and opened a cabinet, revealing bandages and band-aids. Joyce grabbed the bandages and pulled out a chair for Eleven to sit on at the table. She sat on the floor and wrapped up Eleven's legs, then asked Eleven for her hands. When Eleven hesitantly gave her them, Joyce started to gently wrap them, constantly making sure Eleven was okay. But, when she got to Eleven's left hand she noticed the '011' tattoo on her.

"Eleven...what does that mean?" Eleven shook her head, almost pulling the hand away from Joyce, but stopping herself. "Who did this to you?" Eleven shook her head again, avoiding Joyce's answers.

"Hey, you don't need to answer all of our questions, but maybe just a few. Please?" Joyce asked Eleven, the child she didn't know anything about. "Maybe we can help you. Did you run away from home?" Eleven shook her head, though to Brenner the answer would have been yes. Eleven wouldn't consider that place home.

"So, what does it mean? The tattoo?" Eleven hesitantly lifted her bandaged hand, as Joyce wrapped the other one, and pointed to herself. "Eleven? That's your name?" Eleven nodded and placed her hands on her thighs once Joyce was done. "Go get changed, okay?"

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Eleven sat with Hopper and Joyce at the table, eating chicken noodle soup. She had some gray sweatpants and a large t-shirt on. "Eleven," Hopper says, making Eleven look at him, "where'd you come from?" Eleven stared him for a minute before opening her mouth to speak.

"Bad place," was all she said. Joyce let out a sigh, but Hopper just held up a piece of paper. On it was something Eleven never wanted to see again.

"Do you recognize this man?" Hopper asked, pointing to the man who stood next to other people dressed in the same thing Eleven used to be dressed in. He looked younger, but not much has changed. Eleven made eye contact with Hopper again and nodded.

"Papa," she said, tapping on the man. Joyce and Hopper looked at each other, sharing a look.

"Do you know my son, Will? He was taken by *them* back when he was just a baby. It's been 11 years. We were hoping that you could help us find him," Joyce asks, placing her hand on top of one of Eleven's, which rested on the table. Eleven looked at Joyce, and nodded. If she could escape, so could they.

2. 001

Summary for the Chapter:

Eleven, Hopper, and Joyce go out to save more children.

For 2 months, Chief Hopper, Joyce, and Jonathan, Joyce's oldest son, worked to build up Eleven and her powers. Her hair slightly grew—no more than a centimeter—but she still hated her hair. She also gained some weight, and her powers became stronger. Whenever Jonathan wasn't helping Eleven with her powers, he was training with 2 other friends, one also lost their brother to the Hawkin's Lab at a young age.

Once Eleven was able to lift both Joyce's car and Hopper's truck, Joyce and Hopper agreed that it was time to get Will back. Eleven knew that there were more children in the Laboratory. Their screams haunted her throughout different times of the day, as hers probably did to them. Though she never crossed paths with them, she knew they were there.

The next afternoon, Eleven received a blonde wig and a pink dress and blue denim jacket from Joyce, along with high top socks and gray converse high tops to wear. She put it all on as a disguise so that if she was caught, it was a little more difficult for the bad guys to recognize her. Eleven walked into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. "Pretty," she said to herself, admiring the way she looked at that moment.

"Come on, Eleven, the sun has set. Let's get going," Hopper calls into the house, and Eleven walks to the front door, walking outside and getting into the back of Hopper's trunk. She held the jacket close to herself for warmth. They took off down the road, and onto a side road. After about 5 minutes, the fence was visible, and Hopper parked in the grass, next to it. Eleven hopped off the back of the truck, and Hopper and Joyce followed. "If we get caught, let me do the talking." Joyce and Eleven nodded, though Eleven doubted they would be caught.

Hopper cut the fence and they ran across the grass and towards the front door, which was just closing after people left. He pulled it open, and Eleven kept focus on each camera they passed, making each one turn away as they passed. She led the way down the hall, all of them avoiding people. Voices could be heard throughout the halls, followed with the tapping of shoes. A shiver ran through Eleven as a scream echoed throughout the halls. Something normal for this place.

Finally, they slipped into the hallway that held the children's room. Guards stood at each door, and Eleven was well aware of that. She lowered her head and stare at the guards, her powers stirring up inside of her. Slowly, blood dripped out of the guards' eyes and ears and they collapsed onto the floor. Eleven quickly ran up to the first door that was marked "001". That was Will's number that Hopper had gotten when he had received private files of the children a month ago. Eleven quickly busted the door open with her powers and revealed a shaking child on the bed. His head was shaved and his eyes instantly snapped towards the intruding party of three.

"Will!" Joyce breathes out, so glad to see her son. Hopper scooped the scared child up when alarms went off, red lights contradicting the pure white halls.

"Run!" Hopper yells, and Eleven led them all back out, turning each camera away again. Guards came down the hall, running towards them, but Eleven tossed them to the side, not being gentle.

"Eleven, One, you cannot escape us," *his* voice yelled down the hall. Eleven's heartbeat picked up more, to a dangerous rate. Her feet picked up the pace, making sure Joyce and Hopper were behind her. She pushed the door opened, the cold Fall air rushing past them, towards the fence. They squeezed through the hole in the fence and placed Will in the back where Eleven sat with him.

As the car drove down the road, Eleven pulled off her wig, revealing her curling, short hair, and showed Will her tattoo. "Who...who are they?" Will asked with wide eyes, pointing towards the car.

"Hopper and Joyce. Good guys. Joyce is your mother," Eleven answered, limiting her words, as she always did. Tears filled Will's eyes.

"Good guys," he repeated as the car screeched to a stop. Eleven used her powers to lift Will and place him carefully on his feet, then hopped off the truck. "Mom?" Will asked Joyce and she got out. She looked at the short, skinny boy standing in front of her. In seconds, her arms were wrapped around the boy.

"Will, baby," she cried, tears rolling down her cheeks, "We've missed you so much."

"Let's get inside before he catches a cold," Hopper says, placing a hand on Will's and Joyce's back and lightly pushing them forward with Eleven trailing beside the three.

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"Can you...can you show me your powers?" Eleven asked Will hesitantly the next morning, at breakfast. He nodded and shut his eyes. Eleven watched as his fingertips started disappearing, and the rest of his body following. The process took two seconds, and Eleven stared in shock. The chair slid slightly back, and the creaking of floorboards could be heard before there was a tap on Eleven's shoulder. She looked around, amazed.

"Eleven! Where's Will?!" Joyce came in, anxious when she noticed wasn't sitting in his original spot. Will then allowed himself to become visible again, revealing himself to his mother. Joyce was shocked, unsure of how to react. "Oh."

"Sorry," Will whispered, looking down at his feet. He shuffled over to his chair, sitting down and eating once again. It was silent as Joyce and Hopper came to sit down.

Hopper let out a sigh. "There was reports of a child who has powers two miles away. There have been multiple reports. I think we should check it out within the next week."

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you guys enjoyed Chapter 2! I know, I'm kind of crazy.

3. The Kid Who Ran From Home

Summary for the Chapter:

Eleven and Will are the only ones found currently, but when multiple reports come in with a kid, or two, with powers, Hopper believe that there are many other kids to be found.

Notes for the Chapter:

I majorly changed this! Sorry, it's just that this is an old story that I want to redo.

"Last report was here," Hopper say, getting out of the car. Jonathan got out of the passenger's seat, and Eleven got out of the back seat of Joyce's car. Joyce and Will stayed home, as they would for the next few months. "Apparently the kid just appears and disappears. That narrows us down to 2 options; Seven and Thirteen. Both have escaped, so the reports have been a little all over the place. There's two of them, their appearances different, and Ten hasn't been seen in two months. Chances are he's been caught. We're looking for a black kid, probably about Eleven and Will's age."

"Okay," Jonathan and Eleven say. Eleven started walking away, towards the store Seven was most often seen in. She walked in, the doors sliding open automatically. She looked through the aisles, for any children that fit the description, with no luck. She decided to sit near the entrance, a spot where she could see who came and left.

Jonathan stayed near the store, always keeping an eye on the entrance, but looking around anyone that could be a child from the lab. And Hopper went off, searching other, nearby areas of the town. Eleven had, of course, caught some eyes, but no one talked to her. She just sat, staring at the door.

For 20 minutes, this went on. An employee had asked her if she was here with anyone, and she just nodded her head. That got rid of the employee, and Eleven was back to staring at the door in quiet. Jonathan had seen no one that was a child without their mother. And

Hopper was turning back to go grab Eleven and Jonathan. Joyce would want them home soon, and Hopper didn't want to leave her and Will home alone.

Eleven was about to get up, when a blur caught her sight, it moved across the store in seconds, and as it came back towards the exit, Eleven used her powers to stop the blur. If she hadn't been paying *very* close attention, she would have missed it. When it stopped moving, there stood a boy. He perfectly matched the description. He had been holding food, medicine, and bandages. Eleven stared at the boy and he stared back.

Before anyone could notice the two, Eleven used her powers to put the stuff off to the side, and push the boy forward and toward's the car. "Jonathan! I got him!" Eleven yelled as the got to the car. Seven had been standing still, but it had been Eleven's powers forcing him to do it. "Speed?" Eleven asked the boy, who still didn't move.

"Who are you? Let me go! D'you hear me?! Let me go! Are you with *them*?" Seven yelled, fights against Eleven's powers with him own. Eleven covered his mouth with her hand.

"We're good. We help," was all she answered with. Jonathan came running up to the two a second later.

"We're not going to hurt you. This is Eleven and we have Will-One-at home. We're going to keep you safe," Jonathan explains, opening the car.

"Hey! You got him?" Hopper yells, jogging towards the car with a file of papers.

"Yes," Eleven answered, forcing Seven into the car. One in the car, she pulls off her wig and shows Seven the '011' tattoo on her arm, taking his arm and placing his '007' tattoo right next to hers.

"I'm Chief Hopper, this is Jonathan, and that's Eleven," Hopper tells Seven, "We're bringing you home, Lucas."

Notes for the Chapter:

I majorly changed this! Sorry, it's just that this is an

old story that I want to redo.

I hate having to use the numbers, it's so odd. Like, what? Also, sorry for the short chapter! I will make another chapter soon, I promise!

4. Mike

Summary for the Chapter:

Mike is kept a secret from everyone, and his connection with Eleven grows stronger.

With more and more children coming in, Joyce and Hopper needed more room. So, with 3 rooms and the living room, they can fit a few people. They had an estimate of the number of children left (Thanks to Will, Mike, and Eleven). But, they were gonna sneak in and take what they can of the numbers left, which they assumed were 002, 003, 007, and 008. They needed as much information as possible.

Mike was being taught by everyone. He learned separate from Eleven and Will at first, but he soon was able to catch up. His power was teleportation, which was useful. But, he couldn't teleport far, barely across the house, and it used up a lot of his energy.

Jonathan, Nancy, and Steve had school still. They were graduating that year and would soon all move in, sharing Jonathan's bedroom, with the excuse of college. On Wednesdays, they spent most of their days training or helping, and same on weekends.

With all this stuff going on, they kept everything secret. Mike, Will, and Eleven were kept secret from the public. Jonathan, Nancy, Steve, Joyce, and Hopper weren't allowed to tell anyone anything, not even their parents (except for Jonathan).

A year after Eleven was rescued, she had curly hair that reached her shoulders. It was a chestnut color and it made her appear an inch taller. It made her more confident and she loved playing with it. She started speaking in grammatically correct sentences, but still avoided big words. Will had a bowl cut, his hair a light brown. Eleven loved playing with his hair, because it looked long because it was straight. Mike's hair was slowly coming in. It was becoming curly. More curly than Eleven's hair. It was black and it slightly brushed his forehead.

Eleven, Will, and Mike were really close friends. They all ready to except another kid into the group, but it wasn't happening soon.

Eleven still had no clue what her feelings for Mike were. So, she tried to ignore it. But, Mike felt the same things to her. Once, when he saw Joyce and Hopper press their lips together, and he asked what they were doing. It was called "kissing". Apparently 2 people do it when they *love* each other. But what is love?

One day, when Eleven, Will, and Mike were watching a movie with Joyce, that word came across.

"Joyce, what is *love*?" Mike asked.

Joyce laughed and paused the movie, "Hmm... Well, it's when you really really like someone."

"Oh, so like a friend," Eleven said.

"Not really...more than that. It's when you have feelings for someone. You kiss them, and hold hands. But, love is a very strong word."

They all giggled. They found kissing funny, especially when Joyce and Hopper or Nancy and Steve kissed. But, Eleven thought about the word she had used. *Feelings*. "What kind of *feelings*?" She asked.

"Oh, well it's like they make you laugh all the time, and give you a warm feeling whenever they're near. But, you should only feel it toward 1 person."

"What is that feeling called?"

"Oh, well, a *crush*. An odd word for that feeling if you asked but, or people refer to it as liking someone, as more than a friend." Joyce said, careful of her words. Then she resumed the movie and it was mainly Will and Joyce watching, while Mike and Eleven were stuck in their thoughts.

Later, in their room, Eleven and Mike were laying down. Mike, Will, and Eleven shared a big bed. They knew about nothing more than kissing, so Hopper and Joyce weren't too worried right now. It was about midnight, and Will had woken them up while screaming in his sleep. They all had nightmares about every other day, but Will got them the most often. He had left them to go sleep in his parent's room.

"El," Mike whispered. His soft voice always brought El comfort, but he didn't talk too much (Though he was learning his words faster than Eleven and Will), so she just replayed his words in her head whenever she got nightmares.

"Yeah, Mike?" She finally answered, after coming out of her thoughts.

"I-I think I have feelings for you..."

She was silent for a second, trying to understand what she meant. "What kind of feelings?" She said, forgetting the conversation they had while watching the movie.

"Well...uhm, uhm. What we were talking about earlier," He said, almost talking like a *normal* child. Eleven hated the word "normal". It made her angry, because her normal was robbed by her Papa.

"Oh! Yeah," she sat up, stunned, "same." She thought about it for a second. *I'm such a mouthbreather. Same. Same? Seriously El you're so stup-* her thoughts were cut off by Mike.

"Wait, really?" he said, sitting up and staring at her, wide eyed.

"Yeah."

"Okay," is all he said, and lied back down.

"Okay," she lied down too, facing him.

They just stared at each other, laughing. As Mike fell asleep, she traced his light freckles with her eyes, not wanting to wake Mike. Soon, sleep took her too.

Notes for the Chapter:

What am I doing with this Fan Fiction? I hoped you all enjoyed though.

Author's Note:

First FanFiction! Hope you all enjoy it :)